

A BELATED REBUTTAL ON RUSSIA

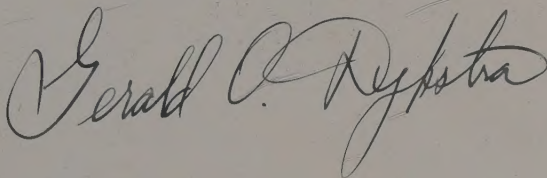


The speaker after a few weeks of
Russian Cultivation and Culture.

A BELATED REBUTTAL ON RUSSIA

BY

GERALD O. DYKSTRA

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Gerald O. Dykstra". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the printed name.

PUBLISHED BY
THE ALLEGAN PRESS
ALLEGAN, MICHIGAN

Price \$2.00

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Printed in the United States of America

DEDICATED TO
MY MOTHER

PREFACE

During the school year of 1925-1926 I was a student at Albion College, Albion, Michigan. As a member of the debate squad I became interested in the question of the recognition of Russia. And ever since I have been tremendously interested in anything Russian. When, after graduation from the University of Michigan in 1927, it became possible for me to go to Europe, I chose to visit the U. S. S. R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics).

The summer abroad furnished me first-hand information with which to answer the questions which confronted us in our debates of two years before. As we left Russia, their students asked that we each do our share to tell American students and people about Russia. This I pledged myself to do. My first thought, on how to fulfill this promise, was to talk on Russia. And I have done a good

deal of talking. My second thought was to write a talk. Out of that idea has developed this book. It has been my purpose to set out in an argumentative style certain questions about Russia and to answer those questions in the light of my own experiences in Russia. So that this work might not savor of the textbook or historical treatise style, I have especially stressed the little human experiences that were ours as tourists. And throughout I have been very informal, so that the reader might feel himself part of a small audience comfortably seated to listen to my story of Russian travel.

Finding word pictures at times difficult, and being in sympathy with the late Woodrow Wilson's statement that, "No one knows enough to write a whole book," I have depended upon my photographs to tell a large part of the story and to serve as evidence in support of many of my conclusions. These pictures were brought out of Russia undeveloped and under seal without being cen-

sored. Having added the photographs, this speech becomes an illustrated lecture, and, being an answer to our debate questions of two years ago, I think I have quite justly called this work "A Belated Rebuttal on Russia."

I wish to express appreciation to Mr. Lawrence Conrad of the University of Michigan, my former rhetoric instructor, for his great interest and assistance in this work. Also to Mrs. Lila Pargment, Assistant in Russian Literature at the University of Michigan, who knew Russia before the Revolution and has since visited the U. S. S. R. and confirms my observations and conclusions. And to my student friend, Thomas Koykka of Ashtabula, Ohio, for his helpful suggestions.

July, 1928.

GERALD O. DYKSTRA,
Allegan, Michigan.

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A BELATED REBUTTAL ON RUSSIA

Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: This is not my first rebuttal speech on Russia. I have written and delivered many rebuttal speeches on Russia. And, paradoxical as it may seem, I wrote and talked more about Russia before I visited that country than I have since my return. The way that has happened is that during the winter of 1926 I was a member of a college debating squad and our question for forensic discussion was, "Resolved, that the United States should recognize Soviet Russia." So that throughout that winter's debating season we boys wrote and talked off to our audiences many rebuttal speeches on Russia. Often before a contest we confessed to each other that we hardly knew what to say about Russia. We found it

difficult to write and talk on this question. Not because there wasn't enough material available, for we all know that lots of ink has been spilt about this Bolshevik country. But rather our task was difficult because there was so much material that it was hard to know the truth about Russia. Quite unintentionally, then, you can see that it was easy for us to tell, throughout that series of contests, many lies about Russia. And I think that our college had about the best bunch of liars in the State. Because we won most of our debates. Or else the judges lied every time they voted for us.

Anyway, that is how I first became interested in Russia. When it became possible in the summer of 1927 for me to visit Europe, rather than play about the cafes of Paris, I chose to go to Russia. I made arrangements with the National Student Federation of America and The Open Road, Inc., in co-operation with the Russian Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, for

such a tour. This group with whom I traveled, fifteen in number, was made up largely of professors and instructors. People who during the school year were engaged in teaching literature, sociology, and economics in our leading universities from New York to Oregon and who were now in search of the truths concerning the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

With this group I sailed from New York to Glasgow, Scotland, visiting the University of Edinburgh, then to London, across the Channel, and through Holland and Germany by train as far as Stettin, where we embarked for Leningrad, a three-day trip of seven hundred miles across the Baltic Sea. I recall our mingled surprise and delight at the Stettin docks when we first saw the "Sachsen," the vessel on which we were to sail. It was a small but spotlessly white ship with a German crew on board. However, every deck was loaded with animals. Chained to the center of the aft deck was an elephant, and the crates

along the rails disclosed on inventory a lioness, two camels, monkeys, dogs, and birds. These, we were told, had been purchased by Moscow from the great Hamburg zoo and were to be delivered along with us to the Russian government. As we stood alongside, one of our professors looked up at the ship's stack which bore the letters S. D. C., meaning in truth the Stettin Dampher (German for steamship) Company, and told us that the correct translation was in American slang, "some damn circus." So, casting our lot with the menagerie, we climbed up the gangplank, and started on the last lap to Russia. This ride across the Baltic Sea was delightful, for the farther north, the shorter the darkness, and nearly every night was spent out on deck with our circus pets. It is hard to believe in the summer that such a beautiful sea is closed for seven months of the year by ice.

After we got up into the Bay of Finland and were about to enter the artificial canal entrance to the Leningrad harbor, built by



American students bound for Russia



The "Sachsen" of the Stettin Dampher Company

Peter the Great, Russian officials came out in a tug and boarded our ship. We expected most anything, for friends had told us that we would never get into Russia, or if we did we would never get back. Imagine our surprise when they told us they simply came out to greet us, to tell us that they were glad to have American visitors, that they had planned entertainment for us, but more than anything they wanted us to feel free to go where we wanted to, when we pleased, and see for ourselves the Russia of today.

After docking we passed quickly through the customs. Friends in the States had also warned us that this would be a difficult affair. They, in attempting to impress on us the exactitude with which the Russian officials would scrutinize our luggage, warned us not to try to take more than one bar of soap into the country with us. But they were needlessly worried. The customs examinations were not complex. Why, the officers didn't even ask our friend the elephant, whom you

remember took passage with us, they didn't even ask him what he was carrying in his trunk. So lenient were the customs officials. And as we filed out of the customs building we found automobiles waiting for us and a large crowd of Russian people to greet us. Oh, I suppose a world flyer would be given a greater ovation, but our reception was ostentatious enough and assured us that the Russians were to be our friends. Although we were now seven thousand miles from America we, due to the way we had been received, felt right at home.

We spent a week in Leningrad, then on to Moscow, the capital, where we had interviews with soviet leaders, students and business representatives. After a week here we went to Nishni-Novgorod, where we embarked on a Volga boat to travel down this waterway for another week, stopping at such ports as Simbirsk, where Lenin was born, and Kazan, where he was schooled. At Saratov, another university city, we were entertained by a



Leningrad's sky-line with its golden-domed cathedrals



We found crowds to greet us after our 7,000-mile journey

large delegation of students, and finally disembarked from our Volga boat at Stalingrad. From here we trained for another week across the steppes or plains of Russia. A glance from the window would disclose miles of wheat-fields and oxen or camels as motive power. This brought us to Vladikavkas, at the foothills of the Caucasus mountains. These we crossed by auto by way of the famous Georgian Pass, once the only trade route between Europe and Asia, and control of which was greatly sought during every historical military maneuver. From the snow line, eight thousand feet above sea level, we had one glorious figure-eight ride down into the city of Tiflis in the valley, where it is unusually hot. Bazaars are open only in the morning. In the afternoon everything is closed, and business is again carried on in the cool of the evening in the cafes. Tiflis is a grand old city, with its narrow streets, camels, donkeys and veiled Turkish beauties. From here we went to Batum, on the Black Sea, and

by boat followed the Crimean coast, stopping at Yalta to ride by auto along the sea to Sebastopol and again meeting our boat. This hundred miles or more is through what was once the Russian Riviera. On the one side the glorious Crimean mountains, on the other the sea, and planted in this setting is the Czar's summer palace and the homes of the former rich. Here also is the valley which was the scene of the Crimean War, made famous in Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." We then continued by boat to Odessa. This we found the most modern of any Russian city. From here we went up to Kiev, the oldest of Russian cities, and then out of the country, as easily as we had come in, by the way of Warsaw and Berlin. We spent six weeks in Russia, traveled over four thousand miles, and when we were on the Volga were so far east that I, living in Michigan, was exactly half-way around the globe. Those in the party who lived in Oregon and California were several

miles nearer home when they looked ahead instead of backward.

The above was our itinerary. What did we see and what did we learn about Russia? What I learned were the answers to some of the questions that came up in our debates of a few years previous on Russia. Some of the questions were these: "What are the changes since the Revolution?" "Is there a stable government?" "What would tourist travel through Russia be like?" "Is Russia atheistic?" "Is it safe to do business with Russia?" These and many other things we wondered about when we were floundering around in our debates on recognition. I am glad I went to Russia, because I now have at first-hand the answers to these questions. The Russians are glad to entertain American visitors, and when we left they said they hoped that we would do our part in the States by telling the truths about their land rather than lies. And I promised that I would. And so I hit upon the idea of developing this work

by setting out an issue which we discussed in our debates on Russia and then answering it in the light of my own visit and study since then on these questions. So I am setting out a number of these issues, one in each chapter of this work, treating each topic in a rather argumentative style and calling the whole thing a long lecture, illustrated by pictures I took and brought out of Russia uncensored. An illustrated lecture, if you please, ladies and gentlemen.

Chapter II

REVOLUTIONARY CHANGES

I recall in our debates of two years ago that it was outlined as the task of our first speaker to tell the audience something about the Russian Revolution of 1917. Everyone knows there has been a revolution, overthrowing the Czar and instituting the Soviet System of Government, but one hardly understands what the contrasting change really is until he has visited Russia. And so let me first tell you something about the results of the Revolution as one sees them today.

The Czars are gone. This was forcibly brought to our attention our first night in Leningrad. After dinner we took a little walk along the main street, formerly the Nevsky Prospekt, now called the Prospekt of the Twenty-fifth of October, in commemoration of the proclaiming of the Soviet Government on that date. A few blocks from our hotel we

came upon the statue of Alexander III. This stands in the center of the street on a large marble base. Everything about it is massive, from the wide Russian headgear, to the broad shoulders of the Czar, to the broad back of the horse on which he is mounted. All to picture a Czar with broad, massive, powerful control over his subjects. Now, this was once erected to this Czar's honor, as were many others throughout the city, but at the time of the Revolution most of the statues were destroyed. This one was left, not as an honorable memorial, but as a scarecrow to remind the people never to return under such rule. So, rather than being destroyed, this piece remained, and a clever Bolshevik chiseled into the marble base on all four sides this inscription:

"THE SCARECROW

My son and my father were executed when living and now disgrace has overtaken me even after death. I stand here like a brazen scarecrow for the land that has shaken off for ever the yoke of aristocracy."

That scarecrow idea is typical of a good deal



The statue of Alexander III stands in Russia as a "Scarecrow"



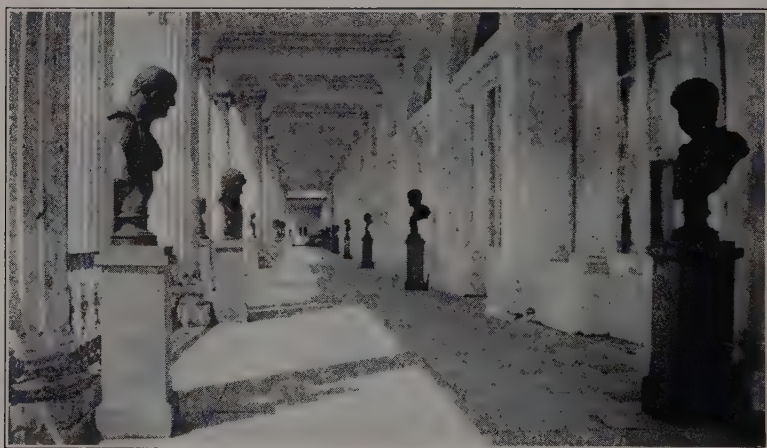
The Winter Palace in Leningrad

in Russia today. Just as that statue was left as a warning, so also we have all the old Czar's palaces left vacant. Today you may wander through these grand old palaces where royalty once lived. They are thrown open so that every Russian may see all this old grandeur. Why is this done? To make the people feel satisfied with the Revolution. They see these empty palaces, scarecrows if you please, and they are glad that they are no longer the Czar's possessions, but their own. For the government owns everything. That such is their reasoning and that they glory in their scarecrow palaces is easily illustrated. We were in the jewel vaults of the Winter Palace in Leningrad. Here we saw jeweled snuff boxes, swords, church services and precious stones an inch square set in the harnesses which were used on the Czar's horses. So great was the display of wealth. And I said to the guide, "What do the workers say when they see all this; aren't they just furious?" "Oh, no!" the answer came. "They are happy because now it all belongs to them."

The same display is to be seen at Detskoye Selo, formerly Tsarskoe Selo, near Leningrad. Here is the palace where Elizabeth and Catherine each lived in their turn as Czarinas. A palace of over one hundred rooms and no one but the Czarina occupied it. Even the servants were housed in a separate building. We saw some of Elizabeth's fifteen thousand dresses and a few of her five thousand pairs of shoes. We saw rooms done entirely in amber, others in priceless tapestries. Catherine had one room entirely set with jewels. This she called her jewel-box and she, Catherine the Great, was the jewel. Catherine, tired of walking down one flight of stairs to the garden, had the garden raised to the second floor. And leading out to this garden where Catherine often walked was a long gallery lined with statues of her lovers, which were many. Legends say three hundred, but Catherine in her memoir says there were but thirteen.



Elizabeth's and Catherine's palace at Detskoye Selo



Gallery displaying statues of Catherine's many lovers

It is a lot of fun to wander through these palaces. Before you enter, the guides give you a pair of felt soles to tie on your shoes so you will not mar the polished floors, and then you start on your walk. And they are just as careful of their chairs as they are of their floors. For every chair has a string across the arms so you cannot sit down. You get no rest at all from the time you start until you have covered the hundred or more rooms. And when at last your tour is ended and you take off your felt shoes, you sigh with relief as one who removes his skates after a long, hard race.

There are dozens of such palaces in Russia. There is the palace of Nicholas II, the last Czar. There is his summer palace on the Black Sea. But probably more interesting than any is the Peterhof palace on the Bay of Finland, modeled after the Versailles palace with its terrace of fountains. It seems that Peter the Great loved these hydraulic displays, for there are fountains scattered all

over the grounds, some even in the form of huge toadstools, and others fashioned after shrubs and trees. But, as I say, these palaces and grounds are empty, except for visitors. They stand as ornaments of the past, and today on these grounds where nobility once played the workers have their picnics, for they are theirs now. The grounds are well kept up as before; flowers bloom as before; and the grass is kept mowed as before. The difference is that now there are no "keep off the grass" signs! Where only a few once were privileged to enjoy these well-kept premises, now the masses are encouraged to use them. Even we had Sunday dinner served to us in a restaurant in the servants' quarters on the royal plate of Alexander II.

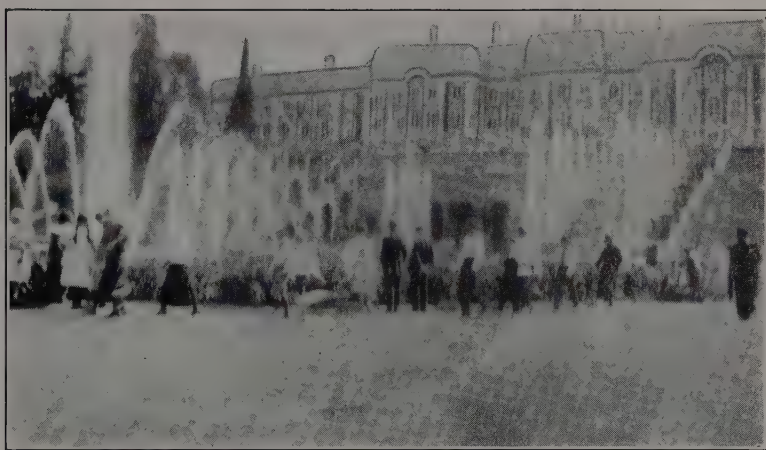
There were two very interesting things seen in this palace where Peter lived. One was his night-cap, still lying on his pillow. This illustrates the exactness with which these premises are being preserved as historical exhibits. The other was a pedestal with a large glass



Palace of Nicholas II at Detskoye Selo



Nicholas II was the last Czar to enjoy this Summer Palace
on the Black Sea



The Peterhof Palace with its fountains



The fountains still play, not for the entertainment of a Czar
but for the workers

case thereon, and the whole thing was on wheels. Under the glass was kept the crown which, being too heavy to wear, was thus pushed about.

The whole week we were in Leningrad we had our noonday lunches at what is now called the Home of the Learned. It is the home of a former Grand Duke, given over to the teachers of Leningrad for a sort of a clubhouse. A beautiful palace; we stood in its ballroom and admired ourselves in the surrounding mirrors which formerly reflected the likeness of nobility. We played jazz on the old Duke's baby grand piano. And were told that this particular ex-duke is probably driving a taxicab in Paris, and that his son was known to be so engaged. For the Grand Dukes along with the Czars are no longer in Russia if alive.

Not only have the royal families disappeared from Russia but the rich as well. The old homes of the former rich, unlike the palaces, are not set aside as museums or his-

torical exhibits but are utilized. Some are now sanatoriums for the workers; others are given over to the professors and students; and still others are used as orphanages, caring for the children left homeless by the Revolution and famine. At Tiflis we visited the home of a former Russian lord. His place was located on the side of a mountain overlooking the city. He once owned all the land for miles around. Here we found three hundred children being brought up on his estate. We heard some of them gathered around the piano in his drawing room sing the songs of the young communists. We saw others at dinner, this being served to them out on the porch overlooking the city. We saw others marching along the highway in pioneer communist garb. All of these children are cared for by utilizing the estate taken from this former rich lord.

We rode about the port of Leningrad in a boat which formerly belonged to an Admiral in the Czar's navy. We saw many well



Entrance to the home of a former Grand Duke, now the Home of
the Learned



A former Admiral's boat, now State property and loaned to us

equipped yachts, which formerly belonged to the wealthy, now allotted to the various trade unions and used and enjoyed by the workers.

In Odessa we sat in a box at the opera where formerly the Czar and his party sat. There is a side entrance to this building with a great golden stairway, and once only the Czar used this passage, but today everyone uses these steps of gold.

Another revolutionary change noted in Odessa is that the former Vorontsovsky Palace, once home of the Governor of Odessa, is now the Central Museum of Natural Science. The grounds about the palace are laid out as a zoological garden. This change is particularly significant when it is remembered that these grounds were once one of the loveliest spots in Russia, set aside for the Czar's use. For on these grounds near the palace there still stands the colonnade overlooking the sea where the Governor and the Czar used to dine in the evening.

In Moscow one night just at six o'clock I

happened to be standing in the Red Square when I heard music, bells and chimes. I recognized the tune. It was the well-known melody of the workers' song, "The Internationale." I looked about and discovered that this piece was being played on the clock-bells in the tower of the Kremlin Wall. That night at dinner I asked one of my Russian friends if I had heard correctly. And he told me, yes. "Before the Revolution," he said, "this clock, besides keeping time, played the Czar's favorite hymn. But now we have changed the mechanism so that at twelve and six o'clock 'The Internationale' is played, and at three and nine a Russian revolutionary funeral march."

Inside the grounds of the Peter-Paul Fortress in Leningrad is the Trubetzkoy Bastion, a political prison. Today this is empty. Once there lived inside these walls the greatest people of Russia. At least, today they are looked upon as the greatest, for they were the early Revolutionists who were sent here



Opera building at Odessa



This political prison is now empty

before being exiled to Siberia. There were seventy-two cells and the small windows besides the bars are covered with a wire netting to keep the birds off the sills so that not even a bird might be company to a prisoner. Despite this attempt at isolation the prisoners developed a system of tapping on the walls by which they communicated with each other and kept the fires of revolution aglow. We were forced to believe this when a guide stepped into a cell at a far end of the corridor and we heard the taps resounding along the wall of the cell we were in. By this means plans for the Revolution continued, and when the Revolution did come these prison doors were opened, and never since has there been a prisoner inside these walls.

A few moments spent in talking about the museums will bring to attention other revolutionary changes. The Czars, to be sure, were interested in art. And they collected many paintings and pieces of sculpture which were brought together largely by the efforts of

Catherine the Great in the Hermitage in Leningrad. The Hermitage is one of the greatest art galleries in the world. The entrance to the building is itself a work of art. For ten gigantic figures carved out of solid pieces of grey granite three stories high support the peristyle on the facade. Here there are many rooms given over to the paintings of the artists of many countries. In one room you will find the works of the Italians, in another of the German school, another the French, another the Spanish, and so on, and as I walked through these great rooms with their walls covered by the paints spread by the geniuses of each country, I thought what a league of nations of painters we have gathered here, under one great roof. And as I reflected on these silent tributes to the men of each country, each admired for his own abilities, all lines of race and national jealousies seemed to disappear. What a plea these great works done in oils here are for a world peace. Just as all these representatives



The former home of the Governor of Odessa is now a Museum



Colonnade overlooking the sea where the Governor and the Czar
used to dine



The home of one of Tiflis' former rich is now used as an orphanage



Pioneer communists on parade

of various nations are gathered together for art's sake, how great it would be if by some means the nations could live side by side as peaceably and admiringly as do these paintings all done by different men of different countries. But I suppose that is merely a museum dream. Anyway, I started out to tell you about the Hermitage. Of the great paintings of special interest to me were those by Rembrandt, the Dutch master. Here in Russia there are thirty-nine of his paintings. The collection is second only to that in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, Holland, exceeding even the London collection. All this was built up by the Czars. What has happened since the Revolution? Everyone is encouraged to come. Even special excursions are arranged to bring students from the distant places to visit the Hermitage. For today everything has been nationalized. This collection belongs to everyone, and so everyone has a right to enjoy it and everyone is urged to learn to appreciate the paintings. And on

our tour we saw many students with pencils taking notes and others making sketches. We saw others too young yet to draw, little bare-foot children being escorted through this great gallery to arouse in their young breasts a love for art.

Not only the change in the visitors since the Revolution, but the collection has been added to. For the pictures and pieces of sculpture which decorated the private home galleries of the rich have all been taken and placed here. When they had this great building filled to overflowing they started to fill the Winter Palace which is next door and they changed its name to the Palace of Art. Here is exhibited another change. Part of the palace is filled with these great paintings and the rest is filled with what appears at first to be but rags and paper. This second part is known as the Revolutionary Museum. These are not ordinary bits of rags and paper, but each has a particular significance. They have started this museum as an historical exhibit of the



The Hermitage, one of the finest and largest art galleries in the world



Entrance to the Revolutionary Museum

Revolution. They have saved each torn flag used in any demonstration. They have collected the limbs from the trees from which some hated bourgeois has been hung. They have saved the paper posters, the important documents and every bit of literature about their great leader, Lenin. In one part of the Palace is the art done in oil and many colors; in the other is the art done in the red and black colors of the Revolution. And although the workers are given every opportunity and are learning to appreciate the old art, yet to-day the art which their heart loves and appreciates most is that exhibited in the Revolutionary Museum.

These scattering descriptions show the effect of the Revolution. What is left of Czarism is left as a scarecrow. What remains of Czarism is the property of all and is so considered and used. The effects of the Revolution are a fulfillment of the Bolsheviki's program. Before the Revolution, when the rulers had the luxuries of these palaces, the

peasants had no land and hardly any food. When the rich owned all the factories, the workers had only a bare existence. And along with all this Russia was making great sacrifices in the World War. With the peasants trampled upon, the workers oppressed and the war bearing down on both, the Bolsheviks came along with this slogan: "The land to the peasants; the factories to the workers; and the war to the devil." Then came the Revolution of 1917 fulfilling these demands; the passing of the Czar; the setting up of the Soviet System of Government, the first dictatorship of the Proletariat in the world. And that is Russia today after a revolution.

Chapter III

A "STABLE" GOVERNMENT

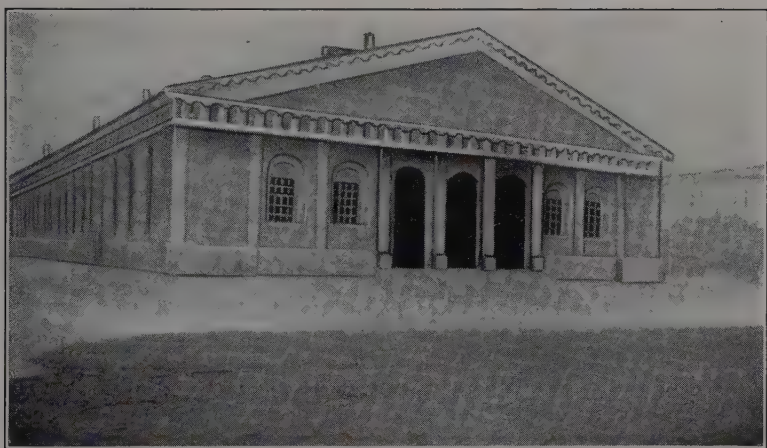
After one comprehends the change from Czarism to the Soviet, he naturally asks how the new system is working, and he wonders if it is going to last. That we argued in our debates of two years ago. Our opponents would ask us, "Is there a stable government in Russia?" To make a pun at the expense of that word "stable" which we used so indiscreetly, I say to you now, after being in Moscow, that there is more than a stable government in Russia. That theirs is a "garage" government. For we saw the stable of the old Czar now used as a garage to house the new Government's automobiles. But speaking more seriously let me say to you that today conditions in Russia are good, and definite, well-planned progress is being made. Two years ago I didn't know exactly how to answer this question of Russia's stability, but

now I want to point out some of the things evidencing stable progress in Russia.

Aside from the material progress, which I will later call attention to, there is a great intellectual awakening. You sense it in just walking along the streets, you sense it in walking through the factories, you sense it in the evening when you find the workers gathered in their open-air gardens. It is a feeling of awakening and power, like a sleeping giant just rousing himself. Perhaps the best way to express it is to say that everyone knows where he is going. By that I mean that every worker on the street or in the factory, every student, everyone in fact, knows about the new Government, feels that he is part of the new Soviet System. He appreciates what has been accomplished and knows the hopes and aspirations for the future. Their plan is that given them by their great leader, Lenin. His teachings in a nutshell are these: "The Soviet plus Electrification will equal Communism," meaning the Soviet System of Gov-

ernment with its nucleus in each factory and village, and then the District Soviet, and then the Provincial Soviet, and finally the All Union Congress making a pyramid organization. Add to this Soviet System in control of and owning everything, including land and all agencies of production; add to it, he said, "electrification." For Russia dislikes Ford because of his wealth, but they admire the Ford system of production and they want to add by electrification that system to the Soviet and then in the Utopian future they feel they will have strict communism, the supplying of the needs of all with the minimum amount of labor. That briefly is the populace's understanding of what Russia is trying to do. And that is one big battle already won. Because progress is bound to come where everyone, as here, understands where he is going. So I have called your attention to this mental attitude of the people, showing stable progress of mind, before pointing out the material aspects of stable progress.

No haphazard growth is bringing or is expected to bring about this result. But they are going about it in a logical way. There is functioning what is called the Gos Planning Commission. This is a committee whose object is to plan and co-ordinate all developments. Most of the industries, all the land, all the rail and water transportation, and all of the power plants are in control of the Government. This Commission plans what is to be done in each field so as to prevent over-expansion in any one undertaking. It recommends the electrification of a certain railroad one year and the opening of another mine the next. It plans for the next year, it makes another plan for the next five-year period, another for the next twenty years, and finally a plan for all the future. Mr. Kagan, Head of the Academic Section of the Gos Planning Commission, who received us in Moscow, told us that this Commission had helped to avoid many a crisis and unexpected development and that its general plan is to utilize raw



The Czar's stable used as a garage to house the new government's automobiles



The Red Triangle rubber factory in Leningrad

resources and human resources for the welfare of everyone. The professors with us pronounced the work of this Commission and its plans sound economically and to be commended. So here we have evidence as to how stable progress is being advanced in Russia.

Next we visited some of the factories. We went through the Red Triangle rubber factory in Leningrad, employing sixteen thousand, seventy per cent women. This was once a privately owned plant, taken over by the Government at the time of the Revolution and now owned by it. The workers through their soviets and trade unions now participate in the management. We visited a chocolate factory in Moscow. Here candy and cookies were being made by three thousand girls—many of them university students, for their system is similar to the Antioch College plan; namely, part time at study and part time practical work. Well, we had a sweet time in this candy shop. My limited Russian vocabulary wouldn't permit an extensive

conversation with the ladies, but I sure could eat their offered chocolates.

In this factory we were joined by Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, who was in Russia just to look around. He had been visiting other factories and studying the Soviet System. We had tea and cookies with him that noon in this place and he said from what he had seen he would certainly favor the recognition of Russia when he got back to the States.

Along with the factories, we visited the port of Leningrad, seeing very modern elevators and dock facilities. We visited a new refrigerator plant, ammonia cooled, and saw butter being loaded from here for England, and this was after the break with Great Britain. Last year one million and a half pounds of butter were rolled out of this refrigerator onto English ships. We met Motveyeff, Chief of the Port of Leningrad, who welcomed us by saying that he hoped our visit would help promote international trade relations.



Government store in Moscow



State Bank in Moscow

We visited the stores. There are few private traders. Most everything is sold through the Government stores known as co-operatives, direct from the factory to the worker. Our greatest delight was in buying their handsome embroidered men's shirts and printed shawls.

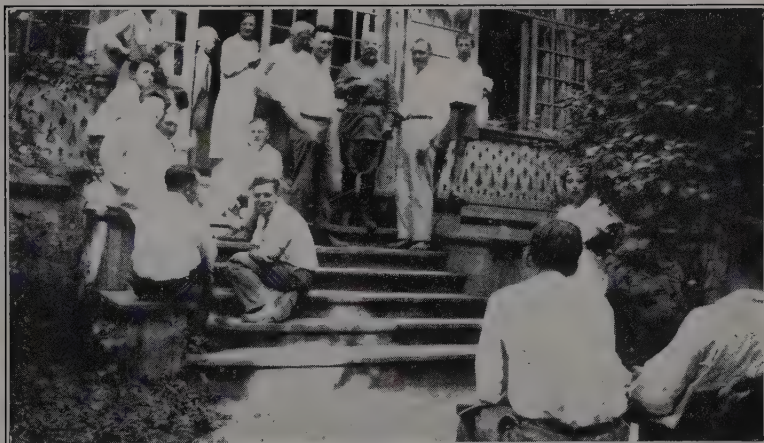
In pointing out our visits to the stores and factories to show how things are moving along, I must not forget to tell you about our visit to the State Bank in Moscow. This is the center of Russia's banking business and is a large institution employing over two thousand. Mr. Korabkoff, formerly a private banker, was our host, speaking perfect English. After telling us about Russia's banks, owned by the Government like everything else, he said he would take us through the institution. And he opened everything for our inspection, including the vaults. Door after door was opened showing in rows bright gold bricks worth twenty-two thousand rubles or eleven thousand dollars each. They showed

us sparkling gold coins. Then we came to a part of the vaults where the foreign moneys were kept. Mr. Korabkoff said to me, "Now I don't want you to think that we only have gold in certain places here to open and show visitors, but the place is full of gold. You point to any door you wish and we will open that one." So I pointed to number thirteen. On it being opened we saw money bags all sealed. Next I was told to choose any bag. It was opened and out poured American twenty-dollar gold pieces. I bathed my hands in them and held in my hands as much as twenty thousand dollars in American gold pieces. I saw more American money in Bolshevik Russia than I ever had seen in America. But that's the length to which they went to show us their resources; not suspicious of us; open and free about everything. Since then I have sometimes wondered if there is any banker in the States who would trust a Russian with twenty cents. Yet they trusted us with much more.

Our visits to these institutions show the stability of government control. Next I want to speak of the workers' conditions. Before the Revolution they were oppressed; now they are participants in the control of their industries. Before they existed; now they are beginning to live. Modern homes are being built for them. Their evenings are spent in their open-air parks—formerly bourgeois, now proletarian, gardens—where movies are shown. Symphony orchestra concerts are exceedingly popular and the Russian never tires of speeches at these gatherings. Every worker gets two weeks' vacation with pay. This is spent in some rest-home. All over Russia the great homes of the former rich have been converted into sanatoriums or rest-houses for the workers. Such is the worker's life—normal, indeed, and part of the country's stability.

Now a few words about the peasants. Quite unexpectedly we had an opportunity to visit a peasant village. We were crossing by train

the steppe region and at Ticharetskaya were blocked by a flood forty miles ahead. So our special car was left on a siding and for two days we lived in our coach in true circus fashion. We took advantage of the opportunity to go out and visit a village four *vershs* away. Friends back in the States had told us that in Russia they only show you the good things that they want you to see. Already we had found our friends wrong. They showed us around, of course, but we were always free to go where we wanted to. We, however, in order to be sure, gave Russia the acid test out here in the wheat belt. Stopped by a flood, the Russians couldn't shove us ahead and keep us from seeing something we should not, if those had been their tactics. So this day we left our guides, hired our own *droshkies* and drove out to this peasant community, to see for ourselves the peasant's conditions. We found some members of the local Soviet. They told us that the Government owned the land but that they had the use of



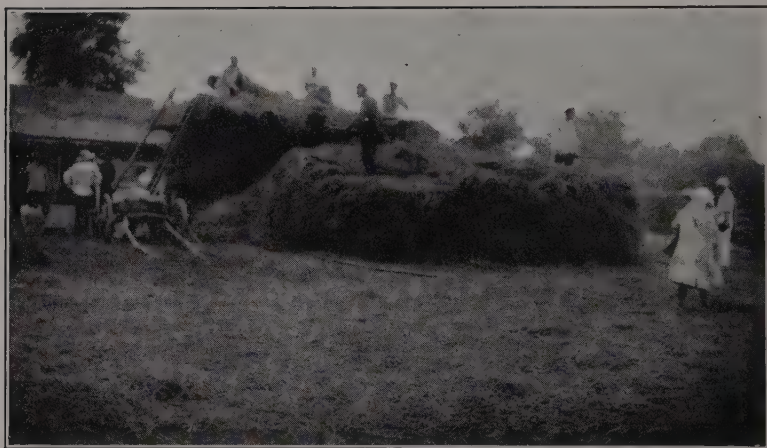
Former hunting lodge now a home for teachers.
The Russian Professor has just welcomed our group



Peasants in a village we visited



We visited their store and many followed us around



A few stayed on the job



They insisted that I take a picture of their stallion owned in common



The Fordson in Russia is also common property

it, distribution being made to each family in proportion to the number of eaters. And that what land was left over was worked in common. That is exactly what Professor Stal-borsky of Moscow, in his lecture to us on the Agricultural Policies of the U. S. S. R., had said the week before. Everything he told us and everything told us here checked up. We then wandered about the village, seeing a stallion owned in common, a Fordson owned in common, one of the twenty-five thousand in Russia. We visited their community store with most of the population at our heels, for they were just as interested in us as we were in them. We saw their homes, built of straw and mud blocks and whitewashed. The poorer homes had but a thatched roof, the richer affording tin. We saw fields of wheat and wheat being threshed. We saw fields of sun-flowers, for the Russians eat the seeds like we eat peanuts. We saw their windmills, not round like the Dutch mills, but built like a square tower. We saw everything in and

about this village and every side of village life. Our conclusion is that the peasants, like the workers, are satisfied with the Revolution; that the peasant's life is normal, indeed, and part of the country's stability.

Now, so far I have told you that the people know where they are going. I have outlined the Gos Plan that is regulating their progress. I have told you of our visits to institutions which are a material evidence of Russia's progress. I have sketched the workers' and the peasants' life. In the face of these things I conclude that we shouldn't question the stability of the new government; rather that we should commend the progress that is being made.

Chapter IV

THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA

Following closely this issue dealing with the stability of Russia, may I mention the fact that two years ago we all wondered what a trip through this land would be like and how an American student would be received. So here I pause to tell you some of the simple, but, as I consider them, interesting things about travel through this country, as any tourist would be likely to find it.

Now, in travel in any foreign land the language becomes important. For instance, coming back across the Atlantic, I was rooming with a professor of Spanish from the University of California who had spent the summer in Spain. He said that the most interesting thing that happened to him was this: He was in a cafe before a bullfight, ordering a meal. At the time, even though he was a pro-

fessor, he forgot the Spanish word for milk, but he remembered the word for cow. So he asked the waiter to bring him some cow and used a milking gesture. He said the man was gone for half an hour and then returned, not with a glass of milk, but with two tickets for the bullfight. We had a professor with us who wanted to order caviar, for the Russian caviar is the best to be had. Well, he didn't know the Russian word for caviar but he did recall the Russian for fish and eggs. So he asked for fish eggs and expected to get caviar. To our delight and his amusement, they brought him a hard-boiled egg with a little black fish draped over it. As for myself, during the summer, I picked up about a hundred Russian words but five were really all that I needed. You should be able to say in Russian "thank you," "please," "yes," "no," and it is convenient to know the word for ice cream. Now, of course we had guides and interpreters at hand all the time and some of our group spoke Russian fluently. However,

I used to like to dig out by myself and try these few Russian words. One day I wandered a long way from our hotel in Moscow and ran onto a bazaar where they were selling Russian boots. I stuck out my foot and said "please," and so bought my boots. And in these stiff new boots I tried to find my way back. I soon decided that I was lost. Our hotel was across from the Kremlin, the central buildings of the Government. So I would stop people and say "Kremlin, please," and they would point me in the right direction and so I got back in this fashion with the use of this one word "please."

I also knew how to tell any Russian that I was an American student and that in itself is a password that will get you anywhere in Russia. They are glad for American student visitors, and if you can say to a Russian "Amerikanski Student" before he guesses it anyway, you are sure of being in his good favor. This is especially true of the store-keepers. One Monday morning in Moscow

I was engaged in what we here call window shopping. My attention had been attracted to a window displaying Russian boots. Not the kind that you wear, but novelty purses and pocketbooks in the shape of miniature boots. I wanted one. It was a little after eight o'clock. I wasn't aware that the stores on Monday didn't open until nine, because here the door was open, and, there being only a chair in the way, I pushed it aside and walked in. Immediately there were a couple of men at my side ready to forcibly eject me. What little Russian I knew I was quick to let loose and among it the phrase "Amerikanski student." At this their attitude changed. They just bowed me all over the place. While I was making my purchase before the opening hour a number of Russian people were turned away or told to wait, and they didn't dare push the chair aside as I in my ignorance had done. I came before the local trade because I was an American student. And one of the clerks brought out a morning paper and



The richer peasant enjoys a tin roof



The poorer peasant has a straw roof on his home

pointed to an article which I could guess from the headline "Amerikanski Student" was about us. This clerk looked at the article and smiled all over, then shook my hand and looked at the article again, and then at me, and finally carefully tore out the story and put it in his pocket.

When in a foreign country the thing next in importance to the language is food. They have two kinds of soup, one *borsch* and the other *shchee*, both of which contain vegetables, the former having more beets and cabbage. In the rural districts the meat is also put in this soup so that the whole kettle full can be put on the outdoor stove, and the peasant's wife, after working in the field all morning, comes back at noon and, presto, dinner is ready. In the line of meats in the country there is plenty of chicken and in the ports of Leningrad and Odessa and along the Volga a great deal of fish is served. Often smoked, and head, tail and everything is given to you on your plate. The bread is quite differ-

ent. Besides the white there is a black bread made of rye, which tastes strong. It is baked in large loaves which would just fit in one of our dish pans. Tea is the beverage, served very hot out of their charcoal samovars. The coffee in the north tastes like malted milk and in the south you get the thick, sweet, Turkish Java. I have talked of tea and coffee, the beverages. You wonder probably about the drinks. They have *kvass*, which is made out of these black bread crusts. Then, of course, there is *vodka*, which looks like water and really is forty per cent alcohol. The wines are really their finest drink. They serve and sell on the streets lots of raw cucumbers and are offended if you don't eat a couple of these six-inch pickles at a meal.

On the trains and the Volga boats there are seldom dining facilities. Instead, at the stops, you eat in the station restaurants or buy food sold at the docks and take it aboard with you. At every station boiling water is furnished free with which to make tea.



Cucumbers and tomatoes are sold on the streets for lunch



Bread is baked in loaves the size of a dish-pan

On the other hand, in the cities there are some delightful dining rooms. In Leningrad we always had a late supper on the roof garden of our seven-story hotel. And it was nice, too, for the darkness is short and often by the time we had finished with our dessert, the sun would have set, night would have passed, and the sun would be coming up as we would leave to retire. In our Moscow hotel a symphony orchestra played at every meal. In Odessa, Kiev, and other places we dined in outdoor gardens.

Having talked of the language and the food let me say something about the people. And speaking of the people I must tell right away about the Russian girls. They are really nice. Jewesses, many of them, but there is a fire and dash in their eyes that is a revolution itself. And their dress is very modern and much like our American girls, in that dresses are short. And they use lots of lipstick but no rouge. The peasant woman always wears a shawl over her head. As for the older men,

they still have their heavy beards or goatees. But the younger men are clean shaven and in the summer time often shave their heads. Many wear boots and their shirts outside their pants and go swimming in true "Will Rogers" fashion!

You know Will wrote a book entitled, "There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia." Well, Will is wrong now, because I left mine there. But outside of that he is right. They just bathe, that's all. Of course, I should explain that the sexes bathe separately. Along the Moscow river they have a board fence enclosing some of the shore and the women bathe in this restricted area. But out along the Bay of Finland, along the Volga, and the Black Sea, they go in sans the protection of a fence.

As to other amusements, they have their athletic playgrounds and the evening finds the workers out doing their daily dozen. Then they have their outdoor concerts and lectures I have already mentioned. Also they have some



Three of our guides and their wives



Russian workers



My first Russian date



Another friend. Nice, Eh?

fine movie houses and Russian-made pictures. They held special showings in their studios of certain pictures for our entertainment and we saw lots of others as we traveled through the country. Their pictures are different from ours. They say ours deal with nothing but love. Theirs deal with nothing but the Revolution. This bit of history is done over and over again. They show the old days of oppression and hardship. For example, in their picture *Potemkin*, which by the way is now being shown in this country, they exhibit the worms crawling on the meat which the sailors were forced to eat. And then they act out the seamen's mutiny, one of the first acts of the Revolution, in the Odessa harbor. It makes a good picture and good propaganda. For it keeps before the peoples' eyes the glorious victory of the Revolution. Also there are many educational movies. For instance, pictures instructing the peasants in matters of crop rotation and the use of farm machinery.

Now I have been talking about the tourist's Russia. No tour of Russia could be complete without a trip on the Volga, known to us in song, the "Volga Boatman." We traveled around fourteen hundred miles on this river. It is a very clear stream and the sand shores are inviting for swimmers. There is lots of traffic up and down this stream, but more important than anything else are the long rafts of logs towed on this waterway. So long are they that several houses are built on them and those in charge have a floating village all their own.

Most of the Russians traveling on the Volga boats are on their vacations. They have two weeks off with pay and they simply spend one week traveling down the river and then the second week take a return boat. This gives them the restful voyage on the river and a chance to visit with their comrade travelers. And every night they have their concerts and dances. Besides this sort of passage there are several boats on the river known as floating



Selling food at a Volga dock



Ice-cream cart seen in Tiflis

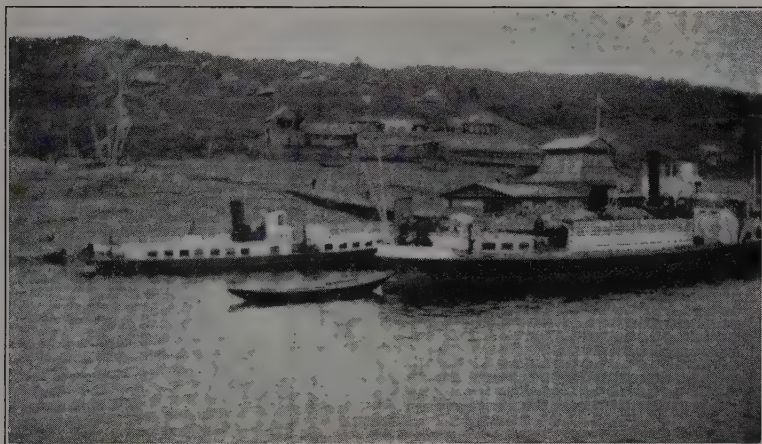
sanatoriums. Those needing rest and medical care spend their vacation on these vessels, which give them, along with the outing, the medical advantages of a hospital.

More interesting to us than the trip on the water were the stops which we made. At the smaller villages along the Volga where no official receptions were planned, we would dock only a few minutes while cargo was taken on board. During this time we would hurry ashore and try to see as much of Russian life as possible. Before the boat leaves a dock they blow three warning blasts on the whistle. This would cause us to hurry back to the vessel. Then one time the captain, before he pulled away, asked one of our party if we were all on board. Noses were counted and all were found to be aboard. But ever after that we did not run at the start of the whistle because we felt confident that the captain wouldn't leave without us. For we were American students and their guests. This is just one example of their consideration for us.

At Kazan, even though our stop was at ten o'clock at night, there was a delegation of students to meet us. By auto they took us from the dock to the town proper, seven *versts* inland, because they wanted us to see the University of Kazan, where Lenin was once a student.

Saratov is another university city. Here there is located the finest medical school in all Russia. The director and students took great pride in showing us their modern, well-equipped laboratories.

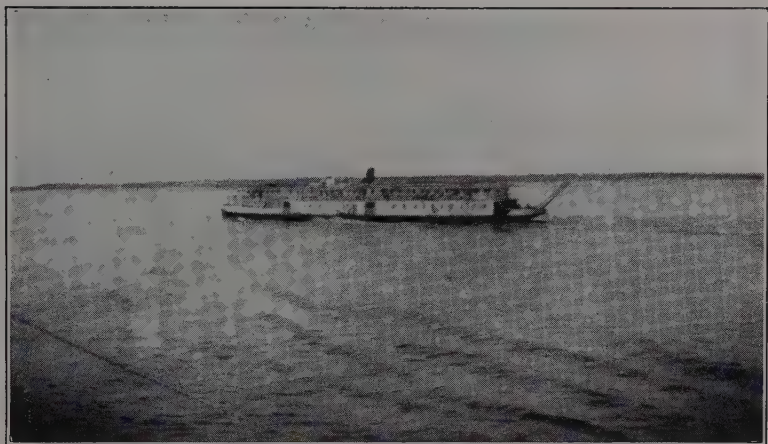
Stalingrad was the end of our Volga journey. We reached here on a Sunday morning. The trade unions were on hand to greet us. They had quite an elaborate dinner in our honor. At least we considered it elaborate to have turkey after eating fish from the river for the past week. After this dinner there were the usual speeches of welcome and in the afternoon we joined with them in, what was for us, our last swim in the Volga waters. The evening was spent at their opera, really



A typical Volga dock



"Main Street" in a small village along the Volga River



Our Volga boat



These long rafts of logs with house built on them are known as
floating villages

a very brilliant piece with excellent singing and well-executed Russian dances. The latter were added especially to entertain us. Such was the nature of our reception along the Volga.

But the high light of our reception in Russia occurred in Ticharetzkaya. I mentioned before the flood which held us up here. This was a place of about sixty thousand. Now, we were not expected to stop here, and everything they did for us was impromptu, but was more of a success than any long-planned affair could have been. We returned from an outlying village to the town at about seven in the evening. A small delegation of workers asked us if we wouldn't please come over to their garden park where many waited to greet us. We accepted and upon our arrival found a hastily-constructed platform, a huge banner bearing a welcome, and a crowd of over three thousand. Then the speeches started. The Russian in charge asked the audience if there were any objections to wel-

coming us. "*Neit! Neit!*" came the answer. At that a band appeared at the head of a parade of three hundred Caucasian soldiers, and we stood and reviewed this small army. Then the speaking continued. Their thoughts were these: That their army was an army of builders, not fighters. It is an army fighting the war of socialism, not destruction. That their army is a means of physical and mental education. Then the meeting developed into a forum discussion with questions and answers. I remember someone asked us what our American friends said when they knew we were going to Russia? And we told them that our friends threw up their hands in horror and never expected us back. This seemed to delight them, for they had the band burst forth with a snappy number. This meeting finally closed with the singing of the "Internationale" with lots of spirit by that group of workers, led by their own band and army. They sang with feeling that revolutionary anthem:

“Arise, ye members of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves, no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.”

As I left that platform between the lines of soldiers and back of them the crowd, I was thrilled because I had reviewed an army and a Russian army at that.

From here we were escorted to what is known as their “Blue Shirt Theater.” The building was formerly a church. The actors were a troupe subsidized by the Government to go from place to place giving the workers an evening's entertainment. The sketches were political satires on factory management, Marxian love, religion, and the like, and very cleverly done. After this we dined with the troupe and these Russian actresses, together with the soldiers, accompanied us to our train, loaded our car with fancy wines and so bade us farewell.

These soldiers were from the Caucasus, famous for their riding, and history is full of their deeds of plunder as well as valor, mounted upon their fiery steeds. Knowing this, we tried to turn the conversation to horses and what they asked us was this: "Don't your Fords just ruin your cowboys' horsemanship?"

I have often mentioned our contacts with the Russian students. I do not intend to say a lot about the educational system of the Soviet Union. But there are a few little things that I want to call to your attention, especially in regard to the advantages for higher education, for my interest was in that field. The big difference between the American and the Russian college student as I see it is this. In America we live for four years apart from the rest of life in a rather artificial atmosphere and at the end of that time we find ourselves out in the world. For the Russian student there is no such change. For

him there is no break from "school life into life's school." For while he is in school he is just as much a part of the life of Russia as when he is out of school. For example, in Leningrad we interviewed Comrade Padolsky, head of all the higher educational institutions in that city, and he told us that the students, like the workers, elect representatives to the local Soviet. Of the fifteen hundred members of the Soviet of that city eighty-six were students. So the student before graduation plays his part in politics. And again, in Moscow we interviewed one Comrade Eidman, student president of the National Union of All Russian Students, and among other things he said this: "Students are active politically, they participate in the Soviets, are part-time employees of the Government to gather statistics, and take part in political demonstrations. Representatives of the students are always called in when the Government discusses anything pertaining to them. They do not consider themselves a society apart from

the rest of the people but a part of the great social movement.”

The Government does a great deal to assist the student. First, there is a State subsidy of twenty-five rubles a month to the students. In addition they get free rooms and tuition. They also travel home at vacation times free of charge. And their books are put out by Government publishing houses at a great reduction.

Another bit of travel in Russia that can't help but delight any tourist is the ride through the Caucasus Mountains by way of the Georgian Pass. It is a two-hundred-and-ten-mile trip. I let the photographs tell their own story of this bit of Russian scenery.

The purpose of this section has been to tell you something of the simple things about Russia as noted by any sightseeing tourist. I have talked of the language, the food, the people, their entertainments and most important of all, the way they entertained us. I have tried to tell you what travel is like



Medical building at the University of Saratov



Students at Saratov

through Russia, and I want to say in summary on this point that, while some of my friends were probably disappointed because the Bolsheviks didn't shoot me, there wasn't the ghost of a chance for anything but mighty pleasant associations with these people as comrades.

Chapter V

ATHEISTIC RUSSIA

In these college debates of two years ago to which I have been constantly referring, the members of both teams were representatives of denominational schools, so it was only natural that one issue in our discussion should touch on the religion of Russia. I remember distinctly in one contest that our opponent, who was about through with his training for the ministry, told the audience that the Russians didn't believe in God, that they were atheists. He painted the situation pretty black and in his evangelistic style pleaded so effectively that he almost had that group feeling that they didn't want to recognize Russia. That made things bad for us, and so, knowing of this experience, you can appreciate my special interest in finding out for myself if this charge were really true. Well, he was right.

All the members of the communist party are atheists and most of the people call themselves by that name. Our first night in Moscow we took a ride by auto around the city. We stopped on a high hill overlooking this capital of two million. And we remarked as to the number of golden church domes and were told that there were sixteen hundred churches in the city. But the people aren't going to church. We asked a worker if he went to church and he said he had forgotten the way a long time ago. We asked a little chap on Saturday night if he had his Sunday school lesson. I never saw such a foolish grin on any lad's face as this kid gave in answer to that inquiry. We might just as well have asked if he had had his Saturday night's bath. Despite the jokes to the contrary, I really think this lad was more familiar with Saturday's soap and water than he was with Sunday's church.

The next day we made the rounds of the churches, all Greek Catholic. Just a handful



Near the entrance to the Red Square the Bolsheviks erected this sign:
"Religion is the opiate of the people"



Church of the Redeemer in Moscow



The Iberian Gate, entrance to the Red Square



Church built by Ivan the Terrible, who afterwards ordered the architect's eyes put out so he could not design another like it

of people were in attendance in each cathedral. There are no seats, except two, one was for the Czar and the other for the Czarina; today these are empty; the people stand or kneel and are continually crossing themselves. It is very picturesque, these priests with their long hair and beards, gorgeous robes, the candlelight, the Russian choir unaccompanied sounding forth throughout these vast domes, decorated with marvelous paintings. The grandest cathedral of all which we visited was the Church of the Redeemer, along the Moscow river. This is the largest church in all Russia, built of a white stone with golden domes. But even here there were hardly a hundred people in attendance. Coming out of this church, however, we saw several hundred bathing in the river on this Sunday morning.

At the entrance to the Red Square in Moscow there is a little shrine before which the Czars and Czarinas always stopped to worship before going into the Kremlin. Today

few stop there to pray. Instead, on a wall to the right the Bolsheviks have erected a sign saying: "Religion is the opiate of the people."

Speaking of the Red Square and churches, I must pause here to tell you about the church which stands at the end of this square. It was built at the command of Ivan the Terrible and has the most fantastic domes, sort of pineapple affairs, of any building in the world. Ivan wanted something different and he got it all right. When the building was completed he asked the architect if he thought he could build another like it and the architect said, "Yes." Whereupon Ivan ordered the architect's eyes put out because he didn't want another church as gorgeous as this to be built for anyone else.

In many places the churches have been given over to movies. In Saratov a church was in the process of construction on the university campus at the time of the Revolution. It is to be completed now as a university movie house. In Tiflis we saw



Church in Saratov being converted into a movie



Church in Tiflis now used as a chess club

a former church being used as a chess club.

In Piatigorsk I had another experience that illustrates the atheistic attitude of the people. At this place is Mt. Beshtau. We had been riding on the train rather steadily and were to remain over here for a day. So Henry Collins, Jr., one of our group, and myself bolted off to make this climb for exercise. The tourist's guide books say it is about four thousand feet but it seemed like a lot more to me. First the foothills with the shepherds watching their cattle and goats; then trees and a shady trail; next large rocks which were pretty hard to get up. It was here we paused to eat our six cookies and two chocolate bars, thinking it advisable to store them where stumbling wouldn't crush them so much as was likely while they remained in my pockets. As we neared the top, the climb was merely through heavy grass. On the summit we found five persons had preceded us. There was an old priest, two young communist lads on their vacation, and a Russian

and his wife from Leningrad, here also on their vacation. The lady had once been in England and spoke English and so aided us in visiting with the rest. I had dragged my camera up here with me and so of course got this group in a picture. Here, on top of a mountain, I had assembled two communists, and, being communists, necessarily atheists, a Greek Catholic priest, and two plain Russians, with myself, in one picture. On the melting pot theory this was more of a volcano than a mountain. We had an interesting visit. One of the most striking things said to us was this by one of the communist lads: "You are young and full of energy. Our advice to you is to read the works of Lenin." We all started down together and then where the trail split we said good-bye to these young Russians, who went a different way. And what they said to us at parting is of great significance on this point and is my sole reason for telling you about this whole affair. They told this lady who was interpreting to



Mt. Beshtau at Piatigorsk



On the summit

tell us that they had enjoyed their visit with us, but that they felt downhearted because they had had their picture taken with the priest; that they didn't stop to think at the time, but that they shouldn't have done so. Because, as they explained, they were atheists and shouldn't have had anything to do with the priest. And finally, they said (and I quote their exact language from my notes): "We are sorry and we hope the American boy will cut our picture out of the group." Such was their pride with which they called themselves atheists that they didn't want to be associated with a representative of the church.

This casting aside of priest and church and contempt for religion sounds dreadful to many. But if you look back of this situation you can see their reason for overthrowing the church and calling themselves atheists. And knowing the reason you will not only be tolerant with them but you can actually defend them in their action. For the facts are these: Church and State were once the same in Rus-

sia. When a ruler came to the throne he got not only an earthly but a heavenly crown as well. They could not be separated, and, as a Czar taxed the people to build his palaces and support him in his luxury, so also he taxed them as head of the church to build the cathedrals and monasteries of Russia and to support the priests in equal luxury. And they built some fine structures, gold leaf on the outside, and inside collections of priceless icons. In Kiev we visited the Lavra, one of the oldest monasteries of Russia. Here, underground, we saw their cavern monastery where monks and abbots were laid away amid gold and silver. Far below the ground small altars and gates of gold were built to the glory of departed religious leaders. They didn't mine gold, they actually buried it. All this church wealth was collected by bearing down upon the peasants and workers. But when the Revolution came, overthrowing the Czar as head of the State, he was necessarily overthrown as head of the church. It was



We had tea at this monastery



Two of the Abbots and Henry Collins, Jr.

only natural that the people should look with suspicion on the wealth under the control of the church. So that is why they turn from religion, because to them it stands for hoarded wealth. Another reason is that the church, of course, being under the control of the Czar, was opposed to the Revolution. The priests under the Czar did all in their power to stop the coming of the Revolution. They even sanctioned and participated in the killing of dangerous revolutionists. In spite of them the Revolution came, and so of course today the people do not look with favor upon the church which once tried so hard to suppress their efforts to be free from the Czar's yoke. Understanding this, I am not surprised that they resent religion as they do. Rather I am more surprised that they didn't go further at the time of the Revolution and actually destroy all traces of the church. To be sure, the Government now owns all the churches and monasteries but the people are free to use them if they wish. The people are free

to continue their services if they desire and the old priests are ready to serve in their religious capacities. And these priests don't say anything against the young communists who call themselves atheists. Coming down from this mountain which I have before told you we climbed, we stopped at a spring in front of a monastery. An old abbot came out and said something and our lady friend, translating for us, told us that we were invited in to tea. Here we lunched with twenty-two priests, monks and abbots. They showed us through the monastery. We tried our best in the conversation to get them to say something against the new attitude toward religion. And the most that we could get out of them on the subject was this: That they didn't control the lands or have the money they had before the Revolution, but the government left them the use of everything. The people who wanted to could come to church. And they were satisfied with this state of affairs.

The attitude of many in Russia today is

the same as that expressed by one of their communist professors with whom we talked about religion. He said when he was in college he roomed with a chap who was a believer. And every night this lad would get out his cross and pray for help on his lessons. But, said the professor, I then already called myself an atheist, I had no one to pray to, so I simply went ahead and got my own lessons. That is the spirit of Russia today. A sort of natural materialistic view, aiming to go ahead by her own efforts.

Now, you ask, where did the Bolsheviki get this idea? Where did they get any of their ideas? Lenin is the answer. He was the brains of the whole Revolution and his ideas are today Russia's. His picture hangs in every station, every hotel, every office, every court, everywhere in Russia. And his statue is on nearly every corner, always with arm extended in a speaking gesture. It is not only Lenin's teachings and pictures and statues that remain, but he is there also. Dead, of

course, but still there. Along the Kremlin wall in the Red Square in Moscow stands the Lenin Mausoleum. A very simple structure of wood but one of the greatest of treasures in Russia today, for down in the vault are the embalmed remains of Lenin, leader of the Revolution. Every night, blocks long, there stands a line of people waiting their turn to pass through this shrine. Foreigners are allowed precedence. We entered immediately, descended the steps down to the vault and here, under a glass case, lies the famous Lenin, goatee nicely trimmed, the red flag partly draped over his body, one fist clenched over the flag. A soldier at the head and foot compose the guard. On the walls are other red flags which were carried in the Revolution. For a few years now this tribute to the embalmer's art has existed and German scientists who have been privileged to make an examination report not only that the work is genuine but that it is the most marvelous piece of work of this nature ever done and will last for over a thousand years.



Lenin's Mausoleum beside the Kremlin wall in Moscow



One of the many statues of Lenin, always with arm extended
in a speaking gesture

The whole thing rather looks as if Lenin were their God and that is often said in America. For, even the roof of his mausoleum is used as a throne or rostrum for speakers when demonstrations are held in the Square before the shrine. We had occasion to talk with an old man in Moscow who had been very close to Lenin. In fact, he was still wearing a pair of glasses which Lenin had given him and he said he was seeing the world through Lenin's eyes, both literally and figuratively. And he was right when you understand that this man's outlook on life is as taught by Lenin. We said to him, "In the States it is said that you over here are making a God of Lenin. Is that true?" He answered: "No, Lenin is not a God to us, he is more than a God. For God only judges, but Lenin both judged and did." That is Russia's feeling today towards her leader and it is his teachings that are urging her on in her developments in the material things by her own efforts under a pretense of atheism.

Chapter VI

BUSINESS RELATIONSHIPS

In that contest of two years ago after we had talked on stability, atheism, and other things for over an hour, one of the boys dragged into the discussion the question of doing business with Russia. The side opposing recognition and business relationships harped about Russia's repudiation of her debt. The opposite side asked that this small matter of the old debt be overlooked in view of the great possibilities in the development of Russia's resources. Their talk ran something like this: "Russia occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the globe; it has great coal, oil, and timber resources. Why, two out of every three trees in Europe stand in Russia." So you can see that here was another pretty big issue that I wanted to look into. And I did. In Moscow, Professor Karl Schultz from the Wharton School of Business in Philadelphia, Pennsyl-

vania, and Merrit Wilson, Jr., a young timber man from Elkins, West Virginia, Professor Jack Levin from Oregon, and myself passed up the art gallery visits and spent our week in business interviews. It is our conclusions along with the high lights of some of these conferences that I propose to set out here.

First, this matter of Russia's old debt has to be disposed of. The question is: Will she ever pay it? I say very frankly to you that it is our belief that she never will. What they say is this: That that debt was contracted by either the old Czar or the Provisional Government but not by the Soviet Government of today now in control. And this new government doesn't propose to pay the bills of its predecessors. They say just as the Revolution necessitated a repudiation of all local debts and confiscation of local property, so also it was necessary and proper to treat all foreign loans and property the same way. They simply feel that this was a part of the revolutionary program and that is as far as

you can get with them on the matter of the debt. Such is the fact situation. It is rather hard to take pleasantly and it sours many a business man on dealing with Russia. But these revolutions don't happen so often and even looking on the blackest side of this experience, I don't think it is sufficient to keep us from seeking future possibilities. Some will stop here and say, "Yes, we want no business with Russia today!" However, there will be others with a little more foresight and a little more daring who will explain and overlook the past. And if they do, everything points to their coming out on top in the future.

How is business to be done with Russia? Just as the Government either owns or controls everything else in Russia, so also it regulates all trade. The Government has a monopoly on its foreign trade. You can't sell directly to or buy from Mr. John Petrov or Mr. Peter Ivanov of Russia, but you must of necessity deal with the Government. They

hand out this right or privilege and it is called a concession. There are two kinds, either a trading concession or a manufacturing concession. By the first you are granted the right to deal in certain goods, like the buying and selling of wheat or textiles. By the second you are granted the right to come into the country and operate a plant to produce certain things, like a mine to get out the coal in a certain region or a plant to make tractors.

Suppose you want to import Russian shawls or manufacture typewriters, how will you go about getting one of these so-called concessions? We met with the Chief Concessions Committee in Moscow, which has the granting of these concessions. So I had an opportunity to find out how one would proceed. That there may be no mistake, I quote from my notes taken at this meeting. My question: "What procedure does a foreign firm follow to secure a concession or trading privilege? Answer by Comrade Ksandroff, First



Dock facilities in the port of Leningrad



Butter being loaded at Leningrad for England

Assistant of said Committee: The concessionaire points out where and what he wants to receive and the scope of the undertaking. Then the Government decides: Does the country need that thing? If it is devised to serve the internal trade, may there not be an overproduction? If it is concerning raw material for export, they determine the minimum amount that should be produced for export. They take into consideration everything that is necessary to have the planned concession fit into the Gos Plan. And if everything looks advisable you get the concession. My question: To whom would an American firm make an application? Answer: To this Committee here, inasmuch as the United States doesn't recognize us and we have no trade delegation in your country, or to a trade representative of ours in any other country, who will get in touch with this Committee for you."

Once having secured the grant, the details are set out in a contract. The provisions vary

with each individual case, but there are certain provisions that go in all trade agreements. They gave us copies of the usual form of concession contract and a few of the things therein stated I want to mention, to give you an idea as to how the whole thing operates. "Sec. 6—For the concession grant the Concessionaire pays to the Government a royalty fixed in the agreement. Sec. 8—The Government guarantees to the Concessionaire that all properties included in the concession enterprise will not be subject to confiscation or requisition; likewise, the concession agreement may not be changed or canceled by the Government alone. The Government guarantees to the Concessionaire the right to freely take out of the country net profits. Sec. 9—After the expiration of the term of the agreement, the buildings, structures, equipment of the concession enterprise passes to the Government."

Such is the procedure. Now why has the Soviet Government adopted this concession



In such Proletarian Parks as this one at Kiev the worker enjoys his symphony concert



New homes in Moscow have been built for the workers

program? The reasons back of it are quite evident. The trading concession exists because they follow the doctrine of a "favorable balance of trade"! Of course, economists point out the fallacies of this, but nevertheless Russia wants to regulate her trade so that she exports more than she imports and can use the balance in her favor in developments inside the country. Hence the trade concession, granting to certain firms the privilege of buying and limiting the amounts sold to them so that Russia may always be selling more than she buys.

The reason for the manufacturer's concession is of a little different nature. Russia has lots of raw resources to be taken out of the country and there are lots of raw materials to be made into usable goods. But Russia in industrial lines is a new country. They don't know how to go about it to accomplish these things for themselves. They look with envy at the German's mechanical and scientific skill and with equal jealousy they look at

America's large-scale production systems. And they say to themselves, we would like to have the German brains to do this on an American scale. And so they grant concessions to German and American firms to come into Russia and set up industries for them. By the concession program we go in and set up, for example, a typewriting plant. We pay them a royalty for the privilege and it is so arranged that after a period of years we turn over to the Government our plant. Because they don't want private ownership of the agencies of production to exist any longer than is necessary to get the thing established, after that the Government is to take it over. In the meantime, we have been selling our machines to the internal trade and in accordance with the concessions contract are privileged to leave the country with our profits. And you remember also that the concession contract guarantees you against confiscation of your property during the time of operation.



A Russian moving-picture theater



Our Moscow hotel

Now, you say, this is rather a wild scheme. Perhaps you think no one would take up with such a rainbow proposition. Well, they have and they aren't sorry either. Already there are in the United States four such trading organizations, the largest, the Amtorg Trading Corporation. It exports to Russia agricultural implements, machinery of all kinds, hardware and tractors. It imports fur, veneer wood, caviar, skins, and flax.

Then there is the Harriman concession to run for twenty years, covering rich magnesium fields in the Georgian Soviet Republic. Under the contract Harriman & Company gets the exclusive right for a term of twenty years to explore and exploit certain deposits of magnesium and export the same.

One of the most interesting concessions is the pencil concession of Hammer's. This man knew how to make pencils and he went to Russia and built a plant. He uses their raw products and turns out pencils cheaper than they could because he has the system. This

he is to do for the next ten years, paying them a royalty and planning to give them his plant when the time expires.

There are still lots of possibilities for concession privileges. I asked this Committee what concessions they could grant and they said they would like factories to make fountain pens, typewriters, tractors, and farm machinery. But what is probably the most needed of all is a sash and door concession. "We are going to have to do lots of building in the next few years, houses especially," they told us. They have the lumber but they don't know how to cut it up efficiently to make doors and window frames. There are lots of propositions of this nature open for anyone with capital and industrial ability and ten years of life to sink into Russia. And I say to you now that where it used to be said to the young man, "Go west to make your fortune," in the next few years our advice to him will be "Go to Russia!"

For those who may still be skeptical, I don't



Boots for sale at Nishni-Novgorod



Peasant lady on her way to town



Opera building in Moscow



A Russian train

ask that you take my conclusions or those of my friends who were with me in Russia on this business proposition. To be sure, we are all for Russian business, but if further evidence is necessary I will set forth the high spots of two interviews we had in Moscow. The first with Mr. Charles H. Smith, Representative of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, in Moscow. This organization maintains him there simply to keep his eye on business affairs and his reports and conclusions to American business men are the most reliable of anything coming out of Russia. He said to us, and I quote from my notes taken at the time: "The possibilities are great, men are coming here, making examinations and planning factories and concessions to get out the raw resources. And Russia wants them to; she wants to become industrialized like America. It is up to us, if we take advantage of the opportunity." We said to Mr. Smith, "Suppose we do deal with Russia, can we depend on her to pay her debts?" He said

in answer: "The other day I heard a Russian at a trade meeting quote our Benjamin Franklin as saying, 'Honesty is the best policy.' That is particularly true in Russia today. All the world is watching her and should she fail on a dollar debt, no one would loan to her. She needs loans and to get them knows she must keep her obligations. Besides, those who know Russia best are not afraid to deal with her. "A German business man told me the other day," said Smith, "that every dollar that Germany can borrow from the United States she is willing to loan to Russia. In other words, we are loaning to Germany and she in turn to Russia and it is her bankers who are making the profits while we furnish the money, simply because we haven't dared to deal directly with Russia!" The International Harvester people in Russia reported to Smith that the Russian peasant was a safe creditor; that in the last year they had lost only ninety-four hundredths of one per cent.



Cargo being loaded on to a Volga river boat



Ice about to be taken aboard

Those are some of the conclusions given us by this American representative in Russia, who is there continually to get the straight view of things. His reports to the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce and published by them are all along the same line, pointing to the opportunities for safe business relations between this country and ourselves.

The second interview that I want to tell you about was with Mr. Trone, part German, part Russian, and serving as American representative of the General Electric. We visited this man in Moscow after he had been in Russia for six weeks for the express purpose of getting a report on business possibilities for his company, and at the time he had just closed a contract between the General Electric and the Soviet Government for the sale to them of electrical equipment. That fact alone states his conclusions on business possibilities but he went on to say to us: "There is no danger in putting money into Russia. She is more stable than any European country, for

she has solved her economic problem and is now on her way, where others still don't know where they are going. And why fear repudiation? She needs credits for generations to come, so for a few lifetimes she wouldn't be ready to repudiate if she did intend to. So neither we nor our grandchildren need to worry about the safety of investments now made in Russia!"

Chapter VII

RUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

We were told in the course of our college debate that Russia should not be recognized because of her persistence in spreading pernicious propaganda. That last phrase "pernicious propaganda" is ugly sounding. But is that Russia's foreign policy? My contention is that it is not. I firmly believe that the communistic propaganda we hear so much about is largely a myth, a bad nightmare, if you please. And, further, what propaganda is given out is not from Moscow, but by the communists of other countries. We were in Russia at the time of our own Sacco and Vanzetti trial, and the Russians weren't half as worked up about the affair as were the Paris and London communists. Everywhere we discussed this subject and asked them why they didn't stop their propaganda, and their answer always was that they are not respon-

sible. They say that it is the communists of other countries, and I believe them sincere in their statements.

For we know for a fact that a good many of these lies are manufactured in Riga. A member of our group spent two weeks in this city, and then flew to Moscow so that we might have his report. It was this: That Riga is the hotbed for propaganda. When the Revolution forced the bourgeois to leave Russia many of them went to Riga. It is they who are inventing the lies about Russia. You have noticed for yourself that most of the newspaper accounts you read are headed Riga, not Moscow. They give out their reports to the London and Paris papers, and then we get them in the States. But it is unfair to Russia to believe these accounts, for often they are not true. Consider this that came to our attention. While in Lenin-grad one of our boys bought a Continental copy of the Chicago Tribune. I quote exactly the headlines and beginning of an article

found in that edition:

“RUSSIA TORN BY
MANY DISORDERS

50 Workers Killed in
Leningrad Uprising

(Tribune Press Service)

RIGA, July 14—New manifestations and outbreaks in various parts of Russia have resulted in a number of deaths and great disorders during the past few days. Upon the false report that M. Trotsky had left Crimea and was in Leningrad, 100,000 workers held a demonstration in front of the Soviet headquarters and as a result of police interference, 50 of the manifestants were killed.”

Now, as I said, we were in Leningrad at the time and know that nothing of this sort happened. Surely this point is evident enough, and it is not necessary for me to warn you to discount these newspaper items headed Riga.

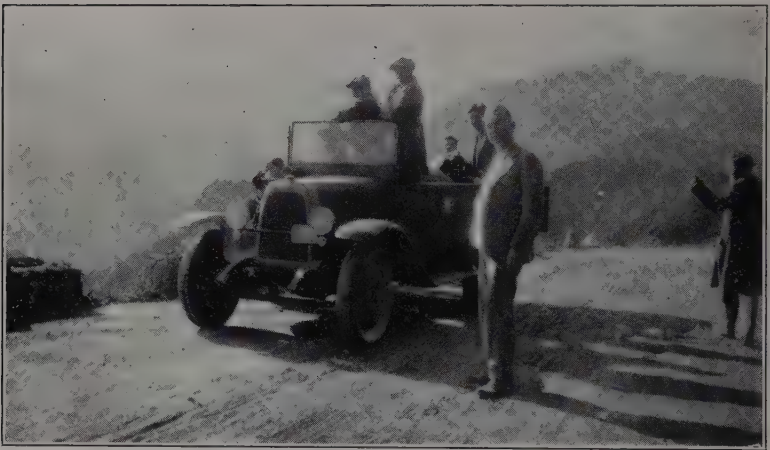
If you stop to think, it is absurd to believe that the Soviet Government is spending so

much on propaganda. As Comrade Shoubin of the Publicity Department of the Foreign Office said to us: "If Russia were carrying on all the communistic activities that are charged against her we would be spending more on propaganda than we are on government. And ours is a ruinous country, and we need to spend our money on internal improvements, and that is exactly what we are doing."

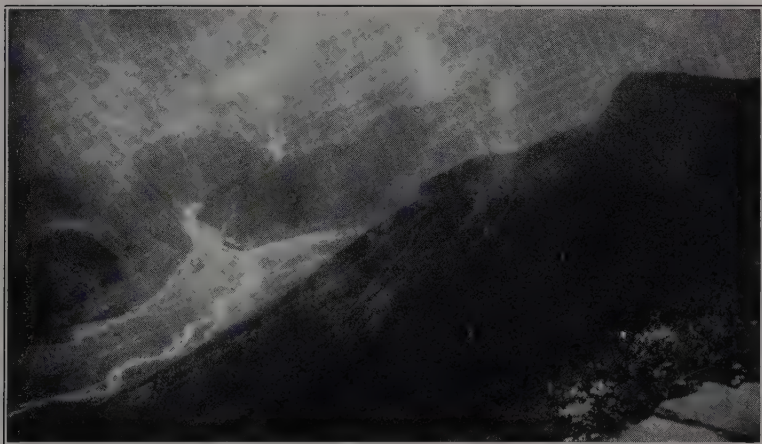
And again, out at a workers' evening meeting at Leningrad we slipped in unobserved and heard their discussion of international affairs. This was shortly after the break with England. The speaker said: "England asks us why we don't stop propaganda? We are not responsible. It's the communists of England. Bring Chamberlain over and we will guarantee him safety, and show him our factories and the progress we are making." At this there was great applause. "Chamberlain, and other foreigners who will come here, will see the press bubbles burst. We are op-



We crossed the Caucasus mountains by way of the Georgian Pass



Up 8,000 feet to the snow-line



Looking down on the river



The thrill of coming down this trail excels that of the "Derby Racer"

posed to war. Peace is more profitable, because we want to build."

The last sentence is significant. "Peace is more profitable, because we want to build." Sweep away the cobwebs of propaganda and you will find that that statement is Russia's whole foreign policy in a nutshell. She really wants peace so she can build. She looks over at England with her unemployment problem, her drink problem, and she says England has enough on her hands without a war. She looks at Germany, building steadily after the World War, and she says Germany, like ourselves, wants peace so her building can continue. I say Russia looks around at her neighbors and then concludes in all sincerity, why the whole world wants peace, not war. And so she says, Why not disarm? And that was the reason for her proposal for complete disarmament to the League of Nations in Geneva. But it was ridiculed because they said she wasn't sincere. But I say to you, friends, that we were in Russia just the sum-

mer before this disarmament proposal was made. We knew in advance that they were planning to make it. And we know that they were sincere when they did make it.

That is her foreign policy. Internally she is communistic. But that is her business. We interviewed Lunicharsky, Commissariat of Education. And we said to him, "Do you teach Communism?" He answered, "Do you in America teach that maybe the world is round and maybe it is flat? No, you teach that it is round because you think that is right. So here, of course we teach Communism. There is no maybe about it. We think Communism is right, and we teach it." But what if they are communists and we are capitalists? Can't we each remain nations born equal to run our own internal affairs as we please? Surely! And as long as we don't try to make Russia capitalistic, or she try to make us communistic, there is no reason why the two nations, each with its own governmental system, can't live side by side in peace. Whether

that can be done or not depends on the foreign policies of each. I have traced for you Russia's foreign policy. I know what it is, and I know her to be sincere. And it is no longer Russia's foreign policy that bothers me, but what I am now interested in and worried about is what will be our foreign policy toward her? Will we recognize her?

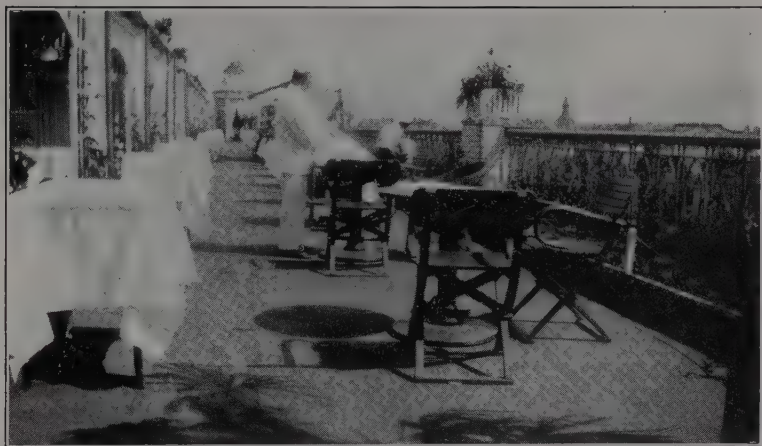
Chapter VIII

IS RUSSIA PERFECT?

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I know the best speech is the shortest, and so I am going to stop soon. But before I do close this speech I want to ask one question, and answer it. I ask it because I want to be fair to my opponents, who may not be as favorable towards everything in Russia as I am. My question is, "Is Russia perfect?" My answer is, "No." Most of the things I have said in this speech have been very much in favor of the U. S. S. R. So much so that you may call me narrow, prejudiced, unable to see anything but the good points about Russia. You may even feel that I am simply attempting to spread propaganda for Russia. You may go so far in your criticisms as to say that I am being paid by Moscow to say only fine things about Russia. But I assure you I am not so retained by the Russian Government. I went

to Russia on my own funds to see things for myself, and am free to say what I like. No money or prejudicial attitudes influence me to say anything that is not my own honest observation and conclusion after my visit to that country. But to be fair to Russia's opponents, and to my own in our previous debates on Russia, I do want to say to you that Russia is not perfect. There are some things to be said on the other side. And, again, there are answers to those things.

I have already told you that we were treated very well. This was because we were American students. A capitalist going to Russia, looking for an opportunity to exploit the country, might be treated with less cordiality. For to the Russians a capitalist is a useless, contemptible person. A business man seeking a concession, although he would be building capital for himself, would also be assisting in the production of goods for Russia, and would be as well received as a student. It is only the strict capitalist that might be hindered in



Roof-garden of our Leningrad hotel



Open-air dining room in Odessa

touring Russia. We, being students, were accorded many privileges that others might not receive. These were largely a result of the efforts of Madame Kameneva, sister of Trotsky, who serves as head of the Russian Society for Cultural Relations, to bring students of both countries into desirable contacts with each other.

But even at its best there are many things about Russian travel that are hard. One needs the "patience of Job" to get along. You wait for your trains, you wait for your food, you wait for everything. This is unusually annoying to an American student, who wants to rush everything through in a hurry. There are two reasons for so having to wait. First, the Russians as a people never did rush. They were accustomed to letting the government officials do things for them, and officials in Russia, as elsewhere, always had, and still do have, a habit of taking their own sweet time about things. And so it became a part of the Russian make-up to never urge a thing done.

If you don't make a train today, there'll be another tomorrow, and if your waiter is slow—well, just wait. A second reason for this exasperating slowness is that today everyone is a *comrade* and equal. The hotel managers don't feel themselves above the help, and the help know that they are the workers, the producers, and that they have lots of power in their own hands and will not be immediately fired if they don't hurry with their work.

And yet despite all their slowness, I do remember that in Odessa we figured that the train would be late in leaving and we missed it because it did leave on time. They are trying to build up a western system that will work with clock-like regularity. The time will come when Russia will be fed in American cafeteria style, but until that time a traveler will put up with and get used to waiting for his food and other things.

We hit another little snag in our travels. I remember one night when we were to leave



Selling toys



Russian beggar

Moscow, we reached the station and boarded the train, but found ourselves given hard compartments, when our tickets called for soft. The whole depot system being poorly organized, we couldn't find a conductor or ticket agent to correct the mistake before our train was to leave. Yet we didn't want to suffer the discomfort of a night ride on hard benches when we had soft coming to us. So as the train moved away we threw our bags out of the window, jumped off the train ourselves and walked back and collected our luggage from both sides of the track where it had landed. We then had to wait until the next day to get soft compartments.

There is another thing I must tell you about. I had no trouble in taking pictures until I came to snap the palace of Nicholas II out at Detskoye Selo. I had hung back of the rest of our group to get this picture, and had just taken it when two soldiers were beside me with bayonets. And of course I called to our group ahead, and they came, and one of

them talked in Russian to the soldiers and the rest started kidding me. For although it looked serious, they would have their jest. One of the professors even said, "Well, good-bye, Dyke, it will be Siberia for you now all right." We soon found that the reason they objected to my taking a picture was that inside the palace they had postal card pictures of it which they wanted to sell. They were afraid that my taking the picture with my own camera would hurt their sales. The whole affair ended by the soldiers not only letting me keep my own camera pictures, but they even asked me if I didn't want to take their picture.

There are still other things that are faulty about Russia and less easily remedied. If one were looking for the disagreeable he would probably tell you on his return from Russia that the food is terrible. It is not terrible; they have some good dishes, but it is different. There are times when you get tired of it and wish you could order some American

hot-dogs or could drop in a corner drug-store and have a fancy soda or sundae. I admit that there were times when my room-mate and myself would lie in our bunks and talk about American food and feel better than if we had eaten Russian food. So tired of it all would we be at times.

And those still seeking to find fault will comment on the lack of autos and good roads. There are few cars. The workers don't have the cars, radios, or homes that we have here. And compared to the American worker the Russian worker is very hard up, but compared to the Russian worker before the Revolution he is much better off. For he knows his job will last; he will not be fired. If he is sick, the social insurance system will provide for him. He is certain of two weeks' vacation. Above all, he realizes that they are only a few years removed from a Revolution and knows that much progress has been made in that time for his good and that there is much more in store for him.

Then also one can't help but notice the numbers who are not working. There are many beggars, especially in Moscow, old men, old women, and scores of children along the streets asking for a few *kopeks*. Often we would attempt to give them money, and our guides would interfere, asking us not to do so. For the explanation is that these beggars have been provided with homes but they don't stay in them. For those left destitute by the Revolution the Government has provided sanatoriums and orphanages by using the homes of the former rich for these purposes. If the beggars would but accept these facilities they would not need to beg. It is simply that they choose to be on the streets. And so, knowing the Government's provision for their poor, seeing beggars is no unanswerable criticism.

Sometimes one is prone to find fault with the whole Soviet system. I mention this to be fair and give both sides of the Russian Revolution. You look at one side and see that



The peasant drives to town and parks his team anywhere



Russia believes, "Where there is smoke there is fire."
Hence the tower on every fire-house

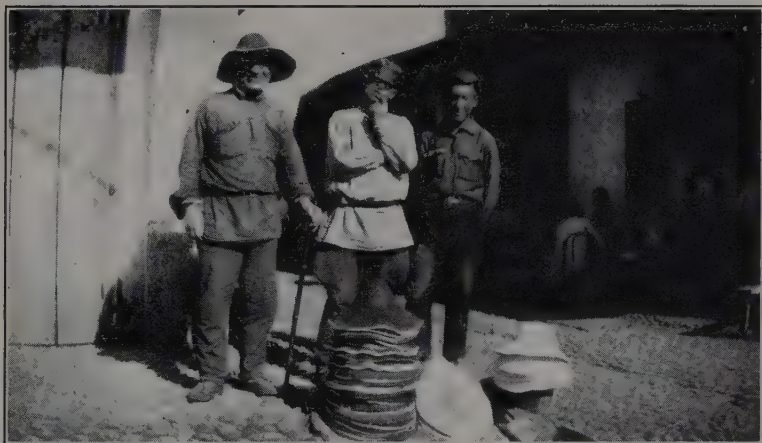
the rich no longer enjoy their private fortunes but that all wealth is nationalized. The workers and everyone are better off because things are equalized, and you think this communism is a fine thing. And then if you look at it through the eyes of the former rich who lost what they owned so that all could share in their wealth, and feel your property taken from you, communism doesn't seem to be so fine. I remember I had a feeling of this sort in going through a former palace of a Grand Duke. His large, luxuriously furnished home is now a communist school. Certain rooms, however, are left just as the Duke used them, among them the dining room. Here the table is set, the silver and dishes are all arranged in proper manner. It has been that way for the last eleven years, since the Duke left. Sometimes you can't help but feel a little sorry for the one who was forced to leave his wealth and home. So there is a chance, I admit, to make out a pretty good argument against the nationalization of property.

You see such palaces, stores, factories, hotels, and everything now nationalized, and you see what a tremendously big job the Government has to keep up these buildings. They are left as a great heritage that does give the Government great wealth. But at the same time many of them are great "white elephants." For they are deteriorating and many already need painting and repairing, and you wonder if the Government will be able to do this. They will have to make the factories and hotels pay for themselves, and besides furnish profits with which to keep up the other buildings. There is little question but that in time, when the Soviet system becomes a smooth-running piece of machinery, all this will be accomplished. On the whole, everything points to progress. They are keeping these places up wonderfully well.

I have told you that travel in Russia is hard at times, that you get tired of the food and tired of waiting for things. That there are little difficulties encountered. That in com-

parison to the American worker the Russian worker has fewer luxuries. That the Government has a big thing on its hands in keeping up the property which was taken over. I say these things to give you that side of Russia. So that if you hear others speaking on Russia, telling you of this side, you will remember that I was frank and honest with you and told you that I observed these apparent faults also. For if I hadn't done so you would wonder whether the other fellow or I were lying about the situation. And so when one tells you that today there are discomforts in traveling through Russia; when one tells you that the Russian worker isn't as well off individually as the American worker; when one tells you that the Government has a lot on its hands in keeping up its property; when one tells you these things, I agree that he is telling you the truth. But if one tells you that there is no progress in Russia, then I take issue with him. For they are trying hard to better these faults. For they know their faults, and are anxious to

better these conditions, and, compared with things eleven years ago when the Soviet Government began, conditions are much improved. Everything points to even more progress in the next eleven years. They are anxious to serve American student tourists better; they are anxious to give every one of their workers a car, radio, and home; they are anxious to keep up their government-owned property. They have the idea. The greatest thing that hinders them is that they have to work alone to further that idea. To give this dream of a Soviet system birth, they had to have a revolution. This left them poor to start. Then there came the famine in 1921. Since, they have worked amid difficulties. They have had to guard against anti-revolutionary forces. They have had their troubles with England. The United States has continually refused them recognition. They have been unable to borrow foreign capital in any great amount to get on their feet. Other European countries have been assisted by



It is hot in Tiflis, so they wear felt hats to keep cool



City paving crew at work in Nishni-Novgorod

loans and everything else to get back to normal after the World War, but Russia has had to depend on herself alone. And so, of course, progress has not been as rapid as they would like, but there has been progress. And this progress is daily obliterating the faults that Russia knows she has. And so I say, No, Russia is not now perfect. You can find fault, but for every fault you will also find some force being exerted to diminish that fault. Some day, I'll be able to ask this question again, I'll be able to ask, "Is Russia perfect?" And I'll be able to answer it in the affirmative. Such is my faith in Russia.

Chapter IX

CONCLUSION

Will we recognize Russia? That was our question for debate, and that is the question before us again. I have reviewed at length the issues of our debate of two years ago, and I have gone over them all in the light of my visit in Russia, and I see no reason why we should not recognize the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. For the revolutionary changes are facts which we must accept. The last ten years have shown a stable government to be in existence, and making progress towards perfection. American tourists are cordially received. Russia can be defended in her atheism. Business relationships exist and are unlimited in their possibilities. And Russia's foreign policy is clear cut.

In closing, then, may I but present this conversation. We said to a member of Russia's Foreign Office, "What do you think of the



The Russians are level headed—



And have lots of backbone

United States?" He said, "The United States is all right, but over there you haven't seen that the oldest nation on the youngest continent (meaning the United States) and the youngest nation on the oldest continent (meaning Russia) should shake hands." (Meaning, of course, recognition.) I think his criticism of us is right, and that we should recognize them, and so again I close a rebuttal speech on Russia. This time I have answered the debate issues of two years ago in the light of my own studies in Russia. In closing, then, this printed lecture, I urge that you favor the Recognition of Soviet Russia. I thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen.

THE END

